of confidentiality. In reality they're sicker than any of our clients. The issue is secrecy. They want us to feel good about them for what they do, by consigning their secrets to the flames along with those we confide in. Their secrets don't really matter, except they get in the way of our feeling good about them, and their feeling good about themselves. That won't happen. Why wait seven years? Burn us now.

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Yesterday evening the smoke alarm went off every three minutes in the House. Gladys was cooking a roast. She usually started it late because she spent so much time gossiping with her girlfriends on the telephone. Woe to the tenant who bothered her for a late supper or sullied an extra dish.

She cooked the roast her way. Because she started late she had to catch up by putting it in on high around eight o'clock after she'd soused it with a whole bottle of Bovril. Between eight and eleven-thirty the smoke alarm rang continually, detecting the burning roast. The wench didn't care. She wouldn't look at it again till it was "done" (burnt) at eleven P.M. Whether it was really done or not inside was irrelevant. She was done with it, anyway. At eleven-thirty she washed whatever dishes she'd been unable to avoid using and composed her turban for the night woman, Babs, whom she hated.